

of well-being. It may make mistakes in devising the forms for the ideas. The worthier the idea the less the likelihood of its being fully realised in the form. Excessive praise or fault-finding in the observer is the result of viewing the idea only or the form only. Any view in order to be correct should consider both. Looked at in this way the life of the Karnataka shows that it has tried to assimilate the great truths of religion, philosophy and art. Many a fruitful belief is, it is true, now atrophied and inoperative, but even as a failure it indicates what was attempted. Life in the Karnataka country has not been wanting in the enterprise that tries to make man's stay on earth fruitful and happy nor in the wisdom that acknowledges the limitations which make complete success in the adventure impossible.

Almost anywhere in the country one may hear the lad driving his cart sing a song of the *Haridasa* or the *Sivasarana*. "This body is yours/" says the song, "and so is this life. The sorrow and the joy that come to me from day to day—all this is yours." Or "take hold of the preceptor's feet; nor give it up ever. Nor ever disregard the words of your mother." This philosophy, this ethical code, this religion in music, are part of the routine of his life. He has heard the song in the house of worship in his village; or when a mendicant

cant of the Vaishnava or Saiva order
came around
for alms. It is possible he heard it in a
Harikatha,
or recitation of a divine story. Children of
the better
classes would have heard them sung in the
course of
religious ceremonial in their houses.
Many an old
man who knows neither reading nor
writing is yet